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R E M A R K S

O N

Mr. POPE's Epistle of TASTE,

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON.

By Galfridus Scriblerus, Martini Scribleri F. N. M.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

*Many a poor Poet by his Rage inflam'd,
Has miss'd his Aim, and seen his Writings damn'd,
And where perhaps he thought he rally'd best,
Some surly Rogue has drubb'd him for the jest.*

BOILEAU TO MOLIERE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, and sold at the Diamond, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

R E M A R K S

Mr. POPE'S Epistle of LAST

RICHARD RAY of BURLINGTON

By Gualtero Gualtero, Master of Arts, F.R.S.E.

The Second Edition, with ADDITIONS.

Printed by J. G. & J. H. at the Press of the
University of Cambridge, and sold by the
Booksellers in London, and at the Press of the
University of Cambridge, and sold by the
Booksellers in London.



Printed for the Author, and sold at the University, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.
(Under the Organ)

TO THE
Reverend and Learned Mr. W.

SIR, THESE few Observations were published above Eighteen Years ago, when the Poem made its first Appearance in the World; and happy should I have thought my self, if their first Success had answered the high Expectations, I then conceiv'd of their Merit. I was indeed so vain as to imagine, that by means of these my Remarks, on the Work of that very great Man, I stood a fair Chance of rend'ring my Name, and thereby that of the Scriblerian Family, immortal. But would you believe it, Sir! sure enough it is, the natural Weight of my Notes, preponderated the Levity of these Rhymes, inso much, that both fell plump into the *Profound* together. Alas! and terrible Catastrophe! which I shall ever have just cause to lament on 'Tis true, his *Essays* appeared again, among a Crowd of his other Works, but alas! *tata!* its Head was lopp'd off, and its Limbs maim'd and mutilated; so as hardly to be known. My dear Father, *the Scribler*, of blessed Memory, wrote learned, and elaborate *Remarks* on the *Dunciad*, which I could not forbear condemning, as inclining too much to the Panegyric Strain; and indeed this my Performance (perhaps) has censured on the same Account, *Quod non Minus verba*. All that can be said is, that a strange Prepossession, on behalf of a *Contemporary* Author, usually out-weighs all other Considerations.

Mr. Pope was indeed well known to have been a Gentleman, so much esteem'd for his Mildness, Meekness, Humanity, Charity, Candour, Benevolence, and other *Christian* Virtues, as hardly to have left his Fellow behind him. With what Tenderness and Compassion he touch'd the Characters of his Contemporaries, needs not be told, *Res ipsa loquitur*. He prais'd their Beauties, overlook'd their Blemishes, and even bestow'd Posts of Honour on his most obstinate, and inveterate Enemies. If so good a *Christian*, and so compleat a Moralist could be supposed to have any my. How many Names did he celebrate, and what Numbers rescue from Oblivion, by that immortal Work the *Dunciad*. *King* had never aspired to Sovereignty, but by his *Minister*, and *...*

DEDICATION

“ of more Faults in seven Years, than he could be able, to atone for all
 “ his Life after; and, that as to me, he did not believe I was a whit bet-
 “ ter than the rest of my Fraternity. However, added he, if you will
 “ quit Criticism and turn Christian, cease Scribbling, and lead a new Life,
 “ the Mercies of Heaven are unbounded, and who knows but your Soul
 “ may be sav’d in the next World, tho’ your Works will undoubtedly be
 “ damn’d in this.” What Humanity, or Honesty, there was in that
 wise Speech, I leave to your Decision: All the Request I have to make
 is, that you would condescend to shelter me under your Patronage; then
 shall this Work of mine flourish in eternal Bloom, and boast a happy Im-
 mortality.

Nomenque erit indelibile Nostrum. OVID.

If otherwise, it is not unlikely, but, that Five or Six Hundred Years hence,
 when you and I are perhaps, both dead, the *Litterati* may go to Logger-
 heads, and endless Disputes and Quarrels arise between the *Gresbanites* and
 the *Crane-Courteans*, upon the controverted Point, whether such a Person
 as *Galsfridus Scriblerus* ever had a Being.

But hold, I have run into such a tedious Harangue about myself, that I
 had almost quite forgot my Patron, ’tis not so much out of any particular
 Regard to your Person, Family, Honours, or Estate, that I presume to ad-
 dress you in this publick Manner, I am equally a Stranger to all these,
 but ’tis out of Respect to your known Merit, and consummate Abilities,
 you have already shewn such distinguish’d Characteristics of an elevated,
 large, and comprehensive Genius, as former Ages have never seen, and
 latest Times may wish for in vain.

*None ever came before so great,
 And no one greater can succeed.*

Far be it from me, to presume to draw a Character, which the ablest
 Pen, in this Land, might attempt in vain. However, ’tis impossible to look
 on that incomparable Work the *D. L.* without Wonder and Astonish-
 ment. With what Strength of Argument! With what Solidity of Judg-
 ment! With what Sublimity of Style! and Depth of Reasoning, have
 you prov’d your Point; beyond all the Cavils of Critics, the Sillies of
 Infidels, and the Rage of Enthusiasts; and have rais’d your Work far
 above the reach of the blind Zealot, or of the bigotted Ape, and

D E D I C A T I O N.

Pardon me Sir, if I proceed to elucidate your Merit, tho' thereby I run the risk of offending your Modesty, your Works indeed are their best Panegyrist, every Line speaks its Author's Wisdom, and each Sentence displays a Genius, which will certainly be the Standard of Strength and Sublimity to all succeeding Ages.

Flattery and *Detraction* are equally my Aversion; little Minds may be tainted with them, great Souls are above them. Mr. W—— is my Theme, and, 'tis as impossible for Words to reach his transcendent Worth, as 'tis for Earthly Bodies

*To cut the yielding Æther unconfin'd
And leave the lagging Elements behind.*

What, for Heaven's Sake, were all the antient Fathers, and Doctors of the primitive Church in Comparison to you? What were their *Austins*, their *Jeroms*, their *Chrysostoms*, and *Cyprians*? How mean were their Expressions? How jejune their Arguments? How weak their Reasoning? How strong their Enthusiasm? What Advantages did they afford to the Infidels and Unbelievers of those early Ages? How did *Celsus* erect his Crest, and *Porphyry* prick up his Ears? and no wonder, when the Fathers, their Opposers, whose Hearts were good, but their Heads weak, made a Defence so mean, and ill suited to the Justice of their Cause. Happy, indeed, did we *Christians* think ourselves, in being freed from their poisonous and pestilent Writings, but we now begin to perceive our mistaken Notions, and could wish their Works had reach'd our Age, and, that the Fire of primitive Orthodoxy had not burnt quite so fierce.

Happy the present Age in such a Divinel thrice happy our Holy Faith in such a Champion! All our Doubts are now in a fair Way to be removed, and all the Mists of Error and Uncertainty, which have so long hung over the Heads of tender and well dispos'd *Christians*, will now speedily be dispell'd. Step forth therefore, and shew yourself, the true Defender of the *Apostolick* Faith? Many are the Enemies you have to engage, and various have their Attempts been, as well to undermine, as overturn it. Some have levell'd their Artillery against the *Mysteries* of our Church, others against her *Miracles*. Some have rail'd at her *Rites*, others at her *Robes*. Some have attack'd her *Doctrine*, others her *Discipline*. Some have rav'd against *Moses* and the Prophets, others against *Christ*, and his Apostles. Nothing good, nothing sacred, nothing meritorious, has escap'd the Rage of those blasphemous Wretches.

DEDICATION.

Nay, one of no mean Rank among them, has introduced *Ridicule*, as the only Touch-Stone to distinguish *Truth* from *Falshood*. Should this pernicious Scheme take Place, the *Pulpit* must stoop to the *Stage*, and our grave *Divines* quit the Church, to make room for a Crew of *Mount-banks*, and *Merry-Andrews*. Then shall we be harangu'd by a Set of pious *Pickle-Herrings*, sanctify'd *Buffoons*, gifted *Jack-Puddings*, Soul-sat'ing *Scaramouches* and holy *Harlequins*, and the Road to Heaven be represented as broad and easy as that to *Kaux-Hall* or *Ranelagh*.

Flectere si nequeunt superos Acheronta movebant.

Now therefore is the Time to exert yourself in behalf of *Truth*, and to extricate our Faith out of the Hands of a motley Race of Barbarians, who dare presume to prefer human Reason to divine Revelation, and worldly Wisdom to the true Doctrine which is from Heaven. You have already rescued the *Jewish Law* from the Obloquy of *Heretics*; yours be the glorious Task of defending the *Gospel*. Why should that be trodden down while the other triumphs. Many indeed have been the Attempts of great, and good Men towards so salutary a Work; but as their Hands were feeble and their Heads weak, Infidelity gathered Strength, and the Adversary had little more to do than to lay their opposing Sentiments together, and from their Incongruity pronounce the Impossibility of their being all dictated by the same uniform and unerring Spirit. Or in other Words, that the Holy Ghost which guided the Church in former Ages, had now forsaken her, and left her to be lost and bewild'rd in every Maze of Error and Uncertainty.

Strange! wondrous strange it is, but woeful Truth, that the Enemy should so unaccountably gain Ground in spite of all the Thousands and Ten Thousands a Year given for the Church's Support. Where is her boasted Infallibility now? cries the Adversary. Where are the Miracles she used to call down in Defence of her Doctrines? Her Legions have now left off Thundering, and she herself had never more Cause to sit down and bewail her *desolate Condition*. And to whom shall she now cry for Aid? To the dignified *Reverends* and *Right Reverends*. That she may, and bawl till her Mouth splits up to her Ears, and be disappointed at last, for either they are past their Labour, or their Heads are busied about other Affairs; and most of them turn a deaf Ear to the Church's Cries, whenever worldly Interest engrosses their Attention. Arise then, and bid De-

D E D I C A T I O N.

invites you, *Alma Mater* enjoys you, all the *He* and *She Saints* entreat you to hoist your Standard in Defence of Orthodoxy, with a full Assurance that all Opposition shall fall before you. Hunt down *Heresy* like a wild Boar, that lays the Lord's Vineyard waste. Plant her heavy Cannons against the Outworks of *Infidelity*. Beat down the Bastions of *Irreligion*. Blow up the Horn-works of *Heterodoxy*. Sap the Foundations of *Schism*.

Be thou the *Talus* with his Iron Flail. Lay about thee manfully in Defence of thy old *Mother*. Ferret out *Free-Thinking*, and lay vain *Philosophy* sprawling. All these Things I mean in a spiritual and allegorical Sense: Far be it from me to be any ways instrumental in perswading to Persecution. Whatever Opinions are right, Persecution is wrong: No more is intended than that you should condescend to relieve your poor *Mother* out of her present Load of Afflictions. You alone are able to do it. The Labour and the Honour have been reserved for you, and the pious old Woman is never ungrateful to such as help her out at a dead Lift. Trust to her Generosity. A *D—D* which some interpret *Dei Donum*, and others *Detur Dignissimo*, is no such despicable Thing, in as much as it is usually succeeded by a *Prebendship*, and that by a *Deanry*. The next Step is a *Mitre*, and tho' it may be but an *Irish* or a *Welsh* one, 'tis a *Mitre* still, and the high Road to *L——th*. Then comes a *Translation*, and after that two or three more, till at length Riches and Honours crowd in, and Coaches and Lacquies attend you. Then adieu *Preaching*, avault *Writing*—Your *Work* is done, and you have then the Privilege of seating yourself upon the sacred *Scamnum*, where you may sleep as sound, and snore as loud as a Country Justice at a Quarter Sessions.

I am, with the most profound Veneration,

Reverend **SIR,**

Your sincere Admirer, and

most obedient humble Servant,

OF
TASTE,

Or (as it was altered in the SECOND EDITION in *Folio*)

OF FALSE TASTE.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ

To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy:

Of Taste. Some of our little Second-Hand Smatterers in Criticism, will be apt to imagine our Author ought so have wrote *On Taste*, rather than *Of Taste*, as if *Of* and *On* had two different Significations. But Mr. Pope has declar'd himself in favour of *Of*, and thereby clapt a Gag into the Mouths of all Gainsayers. His *hoc volo, sic jubeo* is sufficient to make any Expression pass for Standard, and *set pro Ratione*

deal too strange to be true; and the Misfortune is, every common Observer knows it to be quite otherwise. The Miser's Enjoyment consists in hoarding up his Wealth, and scasting his Eyes with the Sight thereof. Our old Friend *Horace* has assured us of this, almost two Thousand Years ago; for he introduces a Man of this Character, saying

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo

* Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His Wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

- b Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
c Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats:
d He buys for *Topham* Drawings and Designs,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Curia* Coins,

Rare

[*Is it less strange, &c.*] This Query is as weak and inconclusive as the former Assertion. The Prodigal, like every Body else, lays out his Money in something, which he chuses rather than the Money he parts with. And tho' perhaps his Taste in Painting, Architecture, &c. may not be altogether so exquisite as Mr. Pope's in Philosophy or Poetry, yet still he certainly tastes the Purchase he makes, better than the Purchase Money; for otherwise he deserves to be begg'd for a Fool for parting with it.

b Not for himself, he sees, or hears, or eats;] If this Sentence has any Meaning at all, it must certainly be, either that he sees, or hears, or eats for somebody else; or that somebody else sees, or hears, or eats for him. As for any Body's seeing, or hearing for me, I might not perhaps scruple it much; but for any Body's eating for me, I should humbly beg he would not insist upon it; my Stomach would never consent to it.

c Artists must chuse, &c.] I cannot forbear owning our Author perfectly in the right here, in allowing the Prodigal, Artists to chuse for him, when he is to

employ real Artists, in any Affair than a Parcel of Blunderers and Block-heads?

Ad *He buys*] He buys! Who buys? Not the Miser, I hope, his Money is too fast lockt up in his Chest, never to be let loose on any such Occasions. Nor the Prodigal! for he is forced to make use of other People's Eyes and Ears to supply the Deficiencies of his own. Who can it be then? Why, it must certainly be the Artists, mention'd in the preceding Line: But if so, why false Grammar? And why would not *They buy*, have done just as well as *He buys*? This I shall leave to be corrected in his next Edition.

e For *Topham*, *Fountain*, and *Curia*] What strange Gentlemen must these be, who cannot go to Market, and buy these Things themselves, rather than employ others, as their Faction, and be forced to allow Brokerage? But the World needs not be inform'd, at this Time of Day, that few of these are the Produce of this Island. How famous soever we may be for modern Improvements in Mechanics, Mathematics, &c. we certainly were never

* Rare Monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,

b And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloan*.

these; and whoever has not his present Residence in these Parts, must, of Necessity, purchase the Produce of them from Second or Third Hands.

a *Rare Monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone*, J. Poor *Tom Hearne*! I dare swear, so polite a Genius as Mr. Pope never once strained his Optick Nerves with poring over any of thy Monkish Manuscripts. *Robert of Gloucester*, and *Jeffrey of Monmouth* are quite out of his Way; and he knows no more of *Florence of Worcester*, nor the *Textus Rossensis*, than a *Dancing Master* does of *Algebra*, or a *Lawyer's Clerk* of *Divinity*. But to the Matter in Hand.

I cannot imagine Mr. *Hearne* oblig'd to trot round the Kingdom in quest of Manuscripts, where ever an old Abbey may have stood; or to travel into foreign Countries, wherever such Books may have been dispersed at the Reformation! 'Tis enough if he knows the Value of them when they are brought to him, and how to oblige the World with them afterwards, at a proper Opportunity.

b *And Books for Mead*, J. This worthy Gentleman has a vast and valuable Library, stor'd with all Sorts of Books Foreign and Domestic; and he is not only a Person of extraordinary Learning himself, but one of the greatest Patrons and Encouragers of it in this Kingdom. However, it is not impossible but he may have bought Books from Second or Third Hands, and he may very likely have some among

Think hardly deign'd a reading. But I hope Mr. *Pope's* Works are none of that Number, tho' he may well save himself the Trouble even of looking into them; for whether Mr. *Pope* knows it or no, he can read *Homer* and *Statius*; nay, and *Chaucer* and *Shakespear*, in their Originals, without Recourse either to a rhiming Translator, or a Modernizer to point him out their Meaning. — But *Mead* is not only famous for Books, but for several choice Curiosities, among which is his celebrated Head of *Homer*, for a Copy of which, if I mistake not, Mr. *Pope* has been oblig'd to him, to grace his *Odyssey*. — And the World tells strange Stories, if Mr. *Pope* be not oblig'd, for the best Part of his own Head, to somebody else, who may, not unlikely, meet the same Treatment in his next Performance, as these have done in This.

c *And Rarities for Sloan*, J. Whether Dr. *Sloan* has a full Knowledge of the true Value of every individual Rarity in so extraordinary a Collection, is what neither Mr. *Pope* nor I can tell. — But to alledge that he employs others to chuse for him, is as much as to say, that he is unable to chuse for himself; or in other Words, that he has scarce Judgment enough to distinguish a Crocodile from a Rattle Snake. Sir *Hans* has purchas'd Rarities from all known Parts of the Globe. — But must he travel to all these Parts himself, to pick them up? An Age would not bring

Think we all these are for himself? no more

* Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore,

† For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?

Only to shew how many Tastes he wanted.

What brought Sir *Shylock*'s ill-got Wealth to waste?

* Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Knights should have a Taste."

† Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,

And needs no Rod, but S—d with a Rule.

Home, where he has Wealth enough to purchase whatever valuable Thing is offer'd him; and has at this Time the richest private Collection in *Europe*, or perhaps in the *Universe*.

* *I*ban his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.] What a spiteful Insinuation is here, against the poor Artists, that they keep their Whores finer than their Wives. I am sorry to hear our Author is a Bachelor, or we should see how he would manage in that important Affair of Life. He is certainly an Artist, for all the World owns him a Rhimer; and some perhaps may look upon him as a Reasoner. — But these two Faculties do not always go together; and if they did, — He is not indispensibly oblig'd to reason his best on every little Occasion. Rhime may sometimes do the Business full as well without it.

† For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted? &c.] What pity it is that *Virro* did not consult our Author,

been well, tho' every Thing appear'd just as it does. But for want of this *Unum Necessarium*, for want of consulting this universal Genius, his Paintings are monstrous, his Buildings barbarous, his Planting ridiculous, and he has no Taste, or what's worse, a bad one.

* Some Dæmon whispered, "Knights should have a Taste,"] Mr. Pope has not half the Modesty of this good natur'd Dæmon, who only whisper'd a Secret softly into one Knight's Ear. — He has proclaim'd it to the World. How does he know, now, but Squires and private Gentlemen may put in for their respective Shares; if so, what an Inundation of Taste will then break in upon us: The Nation will be over-run with it, and the Government oblig'd at last to put a Stop to it, as a growing Evil.

† Heav'n visits with a Taste, the Wealthy Fool,] Our Author, I think, is generally supposed to be pretty rich, and most People allow him to have a Taste at least of something. — Now

See sportive Fate, to punish aukward Pride,
Bids *Babo* build, and sends him such a Guide :

A standing Sermon! at each Year's Expence,

^a That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.

^b Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth which many buy too dear :

Something there is more needful than Expence,

And something previous ev'n to Taste—'Tis *Sense*;

^c Good Sense, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,

And tho' no Science fairly worth the Seven.

no Fool; for if he was, he might have had no more Wit than to have fallen to Building, or something as bad; and thereby wasted his Wealth as simply as some other People.

^a *That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.*] When Coxcombs of Quality will employ Fools of Architects, they can never reasonably expect to reach Magnificence, should they lay out their whole Estates: And indeed the Case would be much the same should they take it into their Heads to turn Architects themselves, with a Design to save Charges.

^b *Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer, &c.*] How much had the World been obliged to this noble Lord, if he had at once generously published

ivate Conversation.—But if he had, other would have been presented with the Experience, which they have since purchased at so dear a Rate; and the Lord's Buildings would never have been found *Non-pareils*, had not some hundreds fallen short of them, out of an Ambition of excelling them.

^c *Good Sense which only is the Gift of Heaven, &c.*] This is a much greater Compliment to good Sense, than ever one would have expected from Mr. Pope: But the Truth is, he has a Mind to set Sense and the Sciences at Variance, by shewing, that they have not the least Affinity with each other; and insinuating, that 'tis no great Difficulty for a Man to become an Adept in any of the Seven Sciences, tho' he was a Change-

Light, which in yourself, you must perceive;

Jones and † *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,

To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,

To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;

All, let *Nature* never be forgot.

Consult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all,

That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,

Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to scale,

Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale,

Rolls in the Country, catches opening Glades,

Opens willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;

Paints as you plant, and as you work, *Designs*.

* Begin with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul.

Parts answering Parts, shall slide into a Whole,

Spent

Inigo Jones, † The famous Art, * Begin with *Sense*, &c.] This

who design'd the best Gardens, is somewhat odd that Mr. Pope should

be capable of giving so good Advice to

Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
 Start, ev'n from *Difficulty*, strike from *Chance*;
Nature shall join you; *Time* shall make it grow
 A Work to wonder at — perhaps a *Stow*.

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy *Glory* falls,
 And *Nero's* Terrasses desert their Walls:
 The vast *Parterres* a thousand Hands shall make,
 Lo! *Bridgeman* comes, and floats them with a *Lake* —
 Or * cut-wide *Vieues* thro' Mountains to the Plain,
 b You'll wish your Hill, and shelter'd Seat, again.

——— What a woeful Beginning did he make, and how miserably did he blunder between his Miser and Prodigal! — But enough of that: — I am surpris'd to find Sense here styl'd the Soul of every Art or Science, when there was a strong Insinuation not much above a dozen Lines before, that they had very little Business together; or, in other Words, that Sense might without any Detriment to the Sciences, be divorc'd from them, and put to a separate Maintenance.

* *The Seas and Gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.*
 POPE.
 * *Cut wide Vieues thro' Mountains*
 If Ten Thousand Hands were employ'd

in any Work, without some good Head to direct them, it is no Wonder if they make mad or foolish Work on't: But how a Mountain in one Line should dwindle to a Hill in the next, without any visible Means, surpasses my Comprehension, unless it be merely to answer the Measure of the Verse.

b *You'll wish your Hill, and shelter'd Seat, again.*] Then he may have it. He had a Mountain to remove, in the former Line; and, without doubt, he was at the Charge of doing it. Now he has only a Hill to bring back, and all is right again, and his House is secure. And sure last Charge will bring a Hill home again; then would carry a

Behold *Villario's* ten-years Toil compleat,
 His *Quincunx* darkens; his *Espaliers* meet,
 The Wood supports the Plain; the Parts unite,
 And Strength of Shade contends with Strength of Light;
 His bloomy Beds a waving Glow display,
 Blushing in bright Diversities of Day,
 With silver-quiv'ring Rills meander'd o'er —
 — Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
 Tir'd of the Scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a Field.

[The Wood supports the Plain;] I have heard of a Plain supporting a Wood a thousand Times, because the Plain was below, and the Wood above. — But how Mr. Pope's Wood comes to support his Plain, I own myself unable to determine, unless his was a subterraneous Wood; which supported the Plain above, as a convenient Number of Columns do a stately Cupola.

[His bloomy Beds, &c. with Silver quiv'ring Rills meander'd o'er.] This is the most mysterious Passage I have lately met with. How, in the Name of Nonsense, can Silver quiv'ring Rills meander Beds o'er. Had it been meander'd them thro', that is, divide them with

fer'd. — But now I recollect! These superterraneous Rills were, perhaps, designed for his subterraneous Wood; and as such, I shall leave them to perform their Office.

[He finds at last he better likes a Field.] That is, he finds at last, he likes a Field better. Where is the Poetry here? Where, the Majesty of Thought, The Sublimity of Diction? — But to pass these by, and proceed to the Sentiment. I can see no Manner of Wonder, why a Gentleman, in his declining Years should be tir'd with the Diversions of his Youth, when we find it common for most of us to dislike those Things to Day which we deoted on but

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* stray'd,

Or fate delighted in the thick'ning Shade,

With annual Joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,

And see the stretching Branches long to meet!

His Son's fine Taste an op'ner *Vista* loves,

Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's Groves,

One boundless Green or flourish'd Carpet Views,

With all the mournful Family of Trees;

The thriving Plants ignoble Broomsticks made

Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

His Son's fine Taste an op'ner *Vista* loves] *Sabinus*, the Father, had turned some of his Corn-ground to Woodlands, and was highly delighted with contemplating the Beauty of his young Plants. — His Son, of a different Taste, or, if Mr. Pope pleases, of a finer Taste, cuts down his Father's Woods, lays the whole Scene open, and plans it out into Slopes and Par-

terres. — This is quite right, — and what ever has been, and ever will be the Case. One builds, and another pulls down. — One plants Gardens, and another plows them up. — Both make their Wealth circulate; and each, in his Way, contributes to the Support of his poor Neighbourhood.

Yet

• Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed ;

Health to himself, and to his Infants *Bread*

The Lab'rer bears ; what thy hard Heart denies,

Thy charitably Vanity supplies.

• Another Age shall see the golden Ear

Imbrown thy Slope, and nod on thy Parterre,

Deep Harvests bury all thy Pride has plann'd,

And laughing *Ceres* re-assume the Land.

a Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, &c.] This would certainly be a fine Reflection, were it not design'd for the sake of a Stroke of Satyr in the next Stanza. *Villario* is here brought upon the Stage again, and accus'd for what every wise and good Man ought to applaud him, namely, for setting the *Poor* to Work, and rather chusing to have his Money circulate thro' the Neighbourhood, than suffer it to lye pil'd up in his Chests, and see his poor Dependants starve for want of Employment.

• Another Age shall see, &c.] This is no more than what has ever been common to all Nations in all Ages of the World. The Stately Palaces of the *Egyptian* and *Persian* Monarchs lye now buried under huge Heaps of Dust and Rubbish: All the plea-

sant Gardens of Ancient *Rome* are long since turn'd to a Wilderness: Nay, the very Situation of several of the most renown'd Cities in the World are now become so obscure, that Travellers into those Parts, cannot agree where they have formerly stood.— In one Word, the whole of the Story rests here. *Villario* pleas'd himself with planning Gardens; *Sabinus* with planting Groves. A Descendant of either of these, in some distant Age, may possibly undo in Weeks, what They were doing in Years, and turn all to Arable Land again.— This will also be Employment and Bread for the Neighbourhood, whenever it happens.— And whether Mr. *Pope* be sensible of it, or no, Satyr rebounds back upon the Author, whenever it is pointed at a wrong Object.

At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a Day,
 Where all cry out, "What Sums are thrown away!
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous Air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there,
 Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a Draught

As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought:

To compass this, his Building is a Town,

His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;

Where all cry out, "What Sums
 are thrown away! &c." 'Tis some-
 what strange that all should conspire,
 with one Voice, to blame *Timon's* Pro-
 fuseness in Building; and what is
 stranger still, how it came to our Au-
 thor's Knowledge. But perhaps 'tis
 only his private Opinion; which he
 has a mind to father upon the Public.

— Be that as it will, any other Ex-
 travagance would have produced as ill
 an Effect, and several, much worse.

— But *Timon* has thrown away vast
 Sums in Building. — The Public cer-
 tainly gather'd up as much as he threw

away, and this was no more than
 changing Hands. The whole was
 undoubtedly given to Stone-Cutters,
 Carvers, Statuaries, Bricklayers, Car-
 penters, Joiners, Labourers, &c. All
 the Materials too were undoubtedly
 the Produce of our own Island, except
 a little foreign Marble, and some o-
 ther Trifles of small Importance. So that
 such a private Expence is so far from
 being a public Loss, that the Nation
 would not be one Farthing the poorer,
 if fifty such Fabricks were created eve-
 ry ten or a dozen Years.

Who

^a Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees?

^b A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze!

Lo! what huge Heaps of Littleness around!

The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!

Two *Cupids* squirt before: A Lake behind

Improves the Keeness of the Northern Wind.

^a *Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees?*] That is, *Who but must laugh when he sees the Master?* This is wretched Prose, worse Poetry, and, as it stands, scarce Sense. — Sure neither *Bavius*, nor *Mævius*, nor *Puppius*, nor *Cædrus*, among the Ancients; nor *Vicars*, nor *Withers*, nor *Heywood*, nor *Shirley*, among the Moderns, were ever able to come up to this. Mr. *Pope* has here outdone all his former Outdoings; and even his old Friend *C* — himself would find it a difficult Task to excell him.

^b *A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze!*] The puny Insect in this Page, is declar'd a Lord in the next; and it is undeniable that there may be little Lords as well as great ones. — Every one who has the Honour to be acquainted with Mr. *Pope*, owns him to be a fine, tall, proper, well-shap'd agreeable, jolly Gentleman, with a Constitution strong enough to enable him to defy Winds and Weather: But how he happens, here, to reflect upon a little Lord, merely for shrinking at

a fit of cold Weather, is what I cannot well reconcile, either to good Sense, or good Manners. However, if our Author has here, confin'd himself to one Day, as he assures us, it seems a little extraordinary, methinks, that my Lord should be taken with a shivering Fit when several of his Visitors were sweating upon a Hot Terras. But if he takes in the Compass of several Months, 'tis not unlikely but the whole Company might shiver and sweat at different Times of the Year, and by that Means keep his Lordship in Countenance.

A Lake behind improves the Keeness of the Northern Wind.] 'Tis not improbable that the Lake mentioned here, may be the same with the Pond or Ocean in the preceding Page; if so, it is no great Wonder it should chill the Part of the House adjacent to it, which our Author has assur'd us was the North Side. — And if the Lake lay on the North Side of the House, then the House most certainly stood on the South Side of the Lake.

His

His *Gardens* next your *Admiration* call,

^a On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !

No pleasing *Intricacies* intervene,

No artful *Wildeness* to perplex the Scene :

^b Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother,

And half the Platform just reflects the other.

^c The suff'ring Eye inverted Nature sees,

Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,

^a On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !] If a Person could behold my Lord's Garden Wall on every Side, from any particular Station within, 'tis strange how it was capable of containing that Down of a Parterre and that Ocean of a Pond: Or how that *Brobdignagian* Palace, or Town of a House (mention'd about half a Score Lines ago) could lie adjacent to it.

^b Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother, &c.] This is the very first Time I ever heard either a House or Gardens condemn'd for Regularity. Groves, Alleys, &c. are, or may be all, in their proper Places, beautiful and agreeable; and why an exact Regularity should make them otherwise, is impossible to know. The best of all the Gardens, as well as Fabricks of

ancient Times, were perfectly Regular: And had Mr. Pope been the Designer of these, I dare almost venture to assert, he would either have plann'd them out in a regular Form, or every good Judge would have condemn'd his Gothick Fancy.

^c The suff'ring Eye inverted Nature sees, &c.] 'Tis a thousand Pities, one of so exquisite a Taste as Mr. Pope, should meet with any Thing disagreeable. Trees cut to Statues are held abominable. Statues standing too thick, detestable. A dry Fountain, insupportable; (This indeed ought to have been set a playing to welcome to great a Personage to Lord *Timon's Villa*) and an unshaded Summer House, an unpardonable Object.

With

With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no Shade,
 Here *Amphitrite* sails thro' Myrtle Bow'rs;
 There † *Gladiators* fight or die, in Flow'rs;
 Un-water'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn,
 * And Swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

Behold! my Lord advances o'er the Green,

Smit with the mighty Pleasure to be seen;
 But soft ——— by regular approach ——— not yet ———
 First thro' the Length of yon hot Terras sweat,

† *The two famous Statues of the Gladiator pugnans, & Gladiator moriens.*
 POPP.

* *And Swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.* These Printers are some of the most ignorant, and withall the most self-conceited Coxcombs breathing; One may tell them their Faults ten thousand Times over, yet still they will go on in a Mill-Horse Traft, and

commit the same Blunders afresh. For *Swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn*, read, *Sparrows nest in Nilus' dusty Urn*. If the House was a Town, a *Broddignagian* Palace, or a labour'd Quarry above Ground, (as we are told some Lines before) then, nothing could be more fit than *Nilus's Urn* to clap up against one of the Walls for a Bird-Bottle.

And

And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd your Thighs,

* Just at his Study Door he'll bless your Eyes.

His *Study*! with what Authors is it stor'd?

^b In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;

To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,

These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Suëil* has bound.

Lo! some are *Vellum*, and the rest as good

For all his Lordship knows, but they are *Wood*.

a *Just at his Study door he'll bless your Eyes.*] Here we find my Lord, first of all, advancing o'er the Green on purpose to expose his Person to view; — And now we are told that our Eyes must not be blest with the Sight, 'till he appears at his Study-door. — *Quere*, Whereabouts, upon the Green, my Lord's Study-door stands?

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

^b In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;] If Mr. Pope has thoro'ly examin'd my Lord in *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Italian*, or any other Language, and found him defective, we may safely take his Word; for He

has already given the World an ample Specimen, as well of his profound Skill in Languages, as of his extraordinary Candour and Humanity. But should the Case prove otherwise, and our Author takes my Lord's Ignorance, as most of the World do his Learning, merely from Hear-say, then he will go a great Way towards the forfeiting so amiable a Character. — It is not improbable that he may have seen the dated Backs of my Lord's Books, and have made no further Observations, than that some of them were bound in *Vellum*, and others in *Paste board*. But that is no Argument why my Lord should have looked no more upon the Insides than He, who perhaps was not a full half Hour in the Place.

For

^a For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These Shelves admit not any Modern Book.

And now the Chapel's silver Bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Prayer:
Light Quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a ^b Jig to Heaven.

On

^a For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain
so look,] If my Lord admits neither
Locke nor Milton, how can we reason-
ably expect he should allow Mr. Pope's
Works a Place in his Library; and
this cannot but be a sensible Mortifica-
tion to an Author, whose Ambition
prompts him to cry out with *Aeneas*.

*Quæ Regio in Terris nostri non plena
Laboris?*

^b Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to
Heaven.] I have heard of several Sorts
of Dancing in my Life-time, but ne-
ver the like of This. Dancing upon a
Jig, is wholly new.—I acquainted
my old Dutch Master, *Meyn Heer
Dunder Stans van Hop* with this, who
was perfectly astonished at the Disco-
very.—He then informed me, that
he had heard of Dancing Dogs, and
Dancing Bears.—Dancing Elves,
and Dancing Fairies.—Dancing
Apes, and Dancing Squirrels.—

Dancing Horses, and Dancing Ele-
phants.—But all these perform'd
their Feats of Activity upon Terra
firma.—He had also heard of—Cage-
dancing—Rope-dancing—Wire-
dancing—and Ladder-dancing—Of
the Sun and Moon's Dancing on the
Stage, in the *Rehearsal*.—Of fifty
Lancashire Witches Dancing upon
the Point of a Needle.—And, of
an honest *Hybernian*, who unfortu-
nately ow'd his Death to his Ambi-
tion of Dancing upon Nothing, whilst
the Wind whistled under his Feet.—
But, to be serious, added He, as
Jigs, Minuets, Rigadoons, Sarabands,
Horn pipes, &c. are no more than
Sounds, variously measur'd and mo-
dulated, it could never enter into
his Head, how either Soul or Body
could cut Capers upon any of them.
But some may ask, what Word should
Mr. Pope have substituted instead of this?
To which I answer.—Any that had not
been equally nonsensical.—I have al-
ready

On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Liguerre*,
 On gilded Clouds in fair Expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your Eye.
 To rest, the Cushion, and soft *Dean* invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite:

ready pointed out several as for Example, suppose he had wrote it thus.

Make the Soul dance a Saraband to Heaven.

Or,

Make the Soul dance a Horn-pipe up to Heaven.

And a *Rigadoon*, or a *Minuet* will suit both the Sense and the Measure equally as well. How great Cause then had he to cry out with the Satyrist

Curse on the Man who in a senseless Fit

To Rhimes and Numbers first apply'd

His Wit,

And giving to his Words a narrow Bound

First lost his Reason in an empty Sound.

BOILEAU to MOLIERE,

And bring all Paradise before your Eye.] If by this, our Author means either *Moses's* or *Mahomet's* Paradise, nothing can be more foreign to his purpose, for in the Account of either of them, we read not one Word of Silver Bells, Musical Quirks, Dancing Souls, painted Cielings, Sprawling Saints, nor gilded Clouds, and these make up the whole of Mr. Pope's Paradise, which must certainly be a new One, different from both the other.

Mr. Pope has here placed his Paradise upon the Chapel Cieling, and this plain by what follows, his Paragony was in the Hall, where he was troublesome to every Body, and every Body to him. So that it is not unlikely his Heaven might be in the upper Rooms, and his Hell in the Cellars. If so—his System was confin'd to a very small Compass.

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to Dinner call ;

A hundred Footsteps scrape the marble Hall :

The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,

And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your Face.

Is this a Dinner ? this a Genial Room ?

No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb ;

A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,

You drink by Measure, and to Minutes eat.

So quick retires each flying Course, ^d you'd swear

Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there :

A Hundred Footsteps scrape the Marble Hall : Our Author, it seems, was admitted, among a vast Crowd, to a magnificent Entertainment. How well he requited his Benefactor, we shall see afterwards.

Is this a Dinner ? No I'll be sworn, nor nothing like One, as it has been hitherto describ'd. We have heard of nothing yet but *Serpents* gracing the Buffet, and *Tritons* spewing out Water, and then he calls out—*Is this a Dinner ?*—However I am afraid he cries out before he has Occasion.

So quick retires each flying Course, &c. Now we come to a Dinner, in good Earnest, but our Author very

Between justly complains of their taking all his Victuals from before him, out of an Excess of Complaisance, which indeed was intollerable to One so sharp set. However, if ever he should have the Honour to be admitted to my Lord's Table again, I would advise him to copy after his Brother *Dursey's* bright Example, and take a Hammer and a Ten penny Nail in his Pocket, to fix the first good Plate of Meat, he lays his Hands on, fast to the Table.

Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there. Was I to swear at all about the Matter, it should be, that Mr. Pope's *Pegasus* had scower'd away with his Senses.—Pray what Sort of

Between each Act the trembling Salvers ring,
From Soup to sweet Wine, and *God bless the King.*

In Plenty starving, tantaliz'd in State,

* And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,

Treated, caref'd, and tir'd, I take my Leave,

Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve:

I curse such lavish Cost, and little Skill,

* And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

In a Person was Sancho's Doctor's Wand?
Or, why in the Verb in the plural
Number? Would not Sancho's *dread*
Doctor with his Wand was there, have
suited the Rhime full as well, and the
Sense much better. But perhaps upon
Examination, this Wand, which Mr.
Pope has substituted as *Sancho's Doc-*
tor's Companion, may, in reality, be
no more than an ordinary Switch. —
If so, this Story is pretty much of a
Piece with that of St. *Ambrosius*, who,
tho' he bore a high Character of Sancti-
tity, in pious Times of profound Ig-
norance, and was reverenc'd as well
for his Martyrdom as his Miracles, —
yet later Ages of more Judgment, and
less Credulity, have discovered that he
was really no more than what the *La-*
tins call St. *Albanus Pallium*, his *Pena-*
la, or, his *Tegumentum exterius*, and
the plain vulgar *English*, his *Cloak*.

And complaisantly help'd to all I
hate,] I wonder how my Lord's Ser-
vants came to know his Palate so ex-
quisitely well, as to help him to no-
thing but what he hated. — And yet
what's strange, he complain'd, but a
few Lines before, that the Courses
were taken too soon away — If we
hate every Dish upon the Table, the
sooner they are remov'd the better —
But he seems resolv'd not to be satisfi-
ed, and therefore I am really of Opi-
nion, his best Way would have been
to have din'd at Home, and paid my
Lord a visit afterwards. — He would
hardly have been chid for coming so
late.

* And swear, no Day was ever past
so ill.] So my Lord swears too, I
dare affirm, if all the rest of the Guests
were of his Stamp. But if the rest
were of a different Disposition, 'tis not

In you, my Lord, Take sanctifies Expence,
For Splendor borrows all her Rays from Sense.

^a You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous Buildings once were Things of Use.

^b Just as they are, & yet shall your noble Rules
Fill half the Land with imitating Fools,

Who

unlikely but Mr. Pope might pass un-
observed in the Crowd, and that may
be one grand Cause of his Uneasiness.

^a You show us, Rome was glorious,
not profuse,

And pompous Buildings once were
Things of Use. The Roman
Buildings were undoubtedly the most
expensive upon Earth, but at the
same Time, they were the least useful,
whatever Mr. Pope may alledge to the
contrary. Their most noted Struc-
tures were their *Circi*, for Horse, and
Chariot Races: *Amphitheatres* for Com-
bats with *Gladiators* and wild Beasts;
Theatres for Scenical Diversions: *Nau-
machie* for Naval Exercises. *Baths*,
Temples, *Triumphal Arches*, *Monumen-
tal Pillars*, *Pyramids*, &c. all these
were built in the most sumptuous and
stately Manner possible; and it is well
known, that some of them were of
little Use to the Republick, some of
no Use, and others of vast Detriment,
as their own Writers allow.

^b Just as they are, yet shall your noble
Rules, &c. This, as it stands, is

downright Nonsense, Yet shall your
noble Rules, just as they are, fill half
the Land, &c. that is, your noble
Rules, such as they are, good or bad,
rough as they run, shall fill. — This,
I dare say, is none of your Meaning.
The Truth is, your Design was to
have been understood in a Sense very
different from what the Expressions
will bear. Your Aim was to have
said, Yet shall your noble Rules, as
just as they are, fill, &c. This would
have been Sense, and something to
your Purpose, but then it would have
stretched your Verse out a Syllable too
long, and you rather chose to trans-
gress against Sense, than Sound. How-
ever, for once, I will help you to an
Expression which shall fit you exactly.
Just that they be yet shall your noble
Rules, &c. Yet shall your noble Rules, — Fill
half the Land with imitating Fools,
Better by half were it for the Land
that my Lord's Rules, how just soever,
had never been published, than they
should call forth vast Swarms to the
Stock of Fools we have already.

How

Who random Drawings from your Sheets shall take,
 And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric State;
 Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;
 Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd Doghole ek'd with Ends of Wall.

Then clap four Slices of Pilaster on't,
 And lac'd with Bits of Rustic, 'tis a Front;
 Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
 Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian Door*;
 Conscious they act a true *Palladian Part*,

And if they starve, they starve by Rules of Art.
 Yet thou proceed; be fallen Arts thy care,
 Erect new Wonders, and the Old repair,

However, I hope, my Lord had no such Design in the Publication, but what he did was out of a generous Principle of serving his Country, and not with any sinister View of raising himself a Name by making half the Nation appear ridiculous.

Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian Door*;] If either a Roman, or a Gothic Door would exempt the Master of the

Jones
 House from catching Cold, no *Venetian Door* should ever find a Place round my Mansion. — If otherwise, I cannot imagine what Business the *Venetian Door* has here, since the Wind's roaring thro' long Arcades would cause a Man to catch Cold at a Door of any other Form, every whit as soon.

b Yet thou proceed, be fallen Arts

Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be, whate'er Vitruvius was before :
 Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of thy Mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such Hands design'd,
 Bid Harbours open, publick Ways extend,
 And Temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
 Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The Mole projected break the roaring Main ;
 Back to his Bounds their subject Sea command,
 And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land :

thy care,] This Verse is lame, and
 and wants a Crutch. However I shall
 overlook it, as only a Printer's Error.
Be the fallen Arts thy care, is the true
 Reading.

a *And Temples worthier of the God,]*
 To talk of a Temple worthy of a God,
 is unworthy any Man of Sense. Whe-
 ther such an Idea will go down in Poe-
 try, I know not ; I am sure it will
 never do, either in Philosophy or Di-
 vinity : Why should one Temple be
 worthier of an omnipresent Being than
 another ? Why should a large Temple
 suit him better than a small One ? St.
Paul's, than St. *Pancras* ? A Marble
 Fabrick than one of Free Stone ? or

that, than one of Brick or Timber ?
Solomon has assured us, long enough
 ago, that *God dwells not in Houses made
 with Hands.* And tho' the Pagans
 were taught that their Local Deities
 might be confined within certain Li-
 mits, yet the wiser Sort among them,
 condemn'd the Notion ; and *Christia-
 nity* has not only set us free from that,
 but a Thousand other Popperies ; so
 that whoever advances such Doctrine,
 at this Time of the Day, is making a
 fresh Attempt to put a Hook in our
 Noses, and a Bridle in our Lips, to
 draw us back to *Paganism*, or, which
 is much worse, to *Popery*.

These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
 These are imperial Works, and worthy *Kings*.

Thus have I given a few plain Remarks upon this doughty Performance. I had a deep and dirty Road to wade through, but am at length happily arrived at my Journey's End. Mr. *Pope* has attempted to depreciate the Characters of most of his Friends, and Contemporaries, with no other Design than that of elevating his Hero: But his Patron wants no Panegyrick. He has been already allowed equal, if not superior to any of his Age or Nation in the *Architectonic* Way. And had our Author wrote a Poem as volumi-

nous as Prince *Arthur*, he could never have prov'd more. So that instead of raising his Hero's Reputation, which is an impossible Task, he has only contributed to the Ruin of his own: so true are the Sentiments of the *French* Satyrists on this Head, with which I shall conclude.

*A tedious Panegyrick coldly wrote
 Is bundled up, and may at leisure rot:
 It fears no Censures differing, nor unjust,
 And has no Enemies but Motes and Dust.*
 11 7 49 *BOULEAU to MOLIERE.*

F I N I S.



These Hopes, Peace to happy Britain bring,
These are imperial Works, and worthy King.

Thus have I given a few plain Remarks upon this doughty Performance. I had a deep and dirty Root to wade through, but am at length happily arrived at my Journey's End. Mr. Pope has attempted to depreciate the Characters of most of his Friends, and Contemporaries, with no other Design than that of elevating his Hero: His Patron wants no Panegyric. He has been already allowed equal, if not superior to any of his Age or Nation in the Aristocratick Way. And had our Author wrote a Poem as voluminous as *Paradise Lost*, he could never have proved impotent. So that instead of railing his Hero's Reputation, which is an impossible Task, he has only contributed to the Ruin of his own; to create the Scorn of the learned Satyrists on this Head, with which I shall conclude.

A learned Panegyrist will surely be puzzled up, and may as justly say, *It is not in our Country's Gift, nor in our Power, to give us a better Mind and Daff.* But he has no Answer but *Mind and Daff* to *Paradise Lost*.

F I N I S

